BATAVIA:

Or the

Hollander displayed:

Being

Three Weeks Observations of thes Low Country, especially Holland.

In

Brief Characters & Observations

Of

The People & Country, the Gouvernement of their State & private Families, their Virtues and Vices.

Also

A perfect Description of the

PEOPLE & COUNTRY

Of

SCOTLAND.

AMSTERDAM,

Printed by *Steven Swart*, Book-seller, near the Exchange, in the Crowned Bible, 1680.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

To the READER.

AS I live Gentlemen, I am amaz'd how any piece could be made such minc't meat as this hath been by a twice-printed Copy, which I find flying abroad to abuse the Author who long since travelling for Companies sake, with a Friend into the Low-Countreys, would needs for his own Recreation, write this Essay of them, as he then found them: I am sure as far from ever thinking to have it publick, as he was from any private spleen to the Nation, or any person in it; for I have moved him often to Print it, but could never get his consent, his modesty ever esteeming it among his puerilia and (as he said) a piece to light for a Prudential man to pu-

lish; the truth is, it was meerly occasional in his youth, and the time so little, that he had for observation (his stay there not being above three weeks) that it could not well be expected, he should say more, and though the former part be joculary and sportive, yet the seriousness of the latter part renders the Character no way injurious to the people. And now finding some ruffled Feathers only prented for the whole Bird, and having a perfect Copy by me, I have presumed to trespass so much upon the Author *as to give it you (in vindication of him) so as I am confident it was dressed by his own Pen. And after I have begged his Pardon for exposing it without his Warrant, I shall leave you to judg by comparing this and the former Impressions whether or no he hath not been abused sufficiently.*

Three Weeks

OBSERVATIONS

of the

Low Countrey;

Especially

HOLLAND.

THey are a general *Sea-land*, The great Bog of *Europe*. There is not such another Marsh in the World that's flat. They are an universal quag-mire epitomiz'd. *A green cheese in pickle.* There is in them an *Æquilibrium*, of mud and Water. A strong Earthquake would shake them to a *Chaos*, from which the successive force of the *Sun*, rather than Creation, hath a little emended them. They are the ingredients of a black Pudding, and want only stirring together.

Marry 'tis best making on't in a dry summer, else you will have more blood than grist; and then have you no way to make it serve for any thing, but to tread it under *Zona Torrida*, and so dry it for Turfs.

Sayes one, it affords the People one commodity beyond all the other Regions; if they die in perdition, they are so low, that they have a shorter cut to Hell than the rest of their Neigbours. And for this cause, perhaps all strange Religions throng thither, as naturally inclining towards their Center. Besides, their Ditches shews them to be *Pluto*'s Region, and you all know what part that was which the Poëts did of old assign him. Here is *Styx*, *Acheron*, *Cocytus*, and the rest of those muddy streams that have made matter for the Fablers. Almost every one is a *Charon* here; and if you have but a *Naulum* to give, you cannot want or Boat or Pilot. To confirm all, let but some of our Separatists be asked, and they shall swear that the *Elizian Fields* are there.

It is an excellent Countrey for a despairing

ſpairing Lover: for every corner affords him willow to make a Garland on; but if Juſtice doom him to be hang'd on any other Tree, he may in ſpight of the ſentence live long and confident. If he had rather quench his ſpirits than ſuffocate them, ſo rather chuſe to feed Lobſters than Crows; 'tis but leaping from his window, and he lights in a River or Sea; for moſt of their dwellings ſtand like Privies in moted-houſes, hanging ſtill over the water. If none of theſe cure him, keep him but a Winter in a houſe without a Stove, and that ſhall cool him.

The Soile is all fat, though wanting the colour to she wit ſo; for indeed it is the buttok of the world, full of veins and blood, but no bones in't. Had *St. Steven* been condemn'd to ſuffer here, he might have been alive at this day; for unleſs it be in their paved Cities, gold is a great deal more plentiful than ſtones, except it be living ones; and then for their heavineſs you may take in almoſt all the Nation.

'Tis a singular place to fat Monkeys in. There are Spiders as big as Shrimps, and I think as many. Their Gardens being moist, abound with these. No creatures: for sure they were bred, not made. Were they but as venemous as rank, to gather herbs were to hazard Martyrdom. They are so large, that you would almost believe the *Hesperides* were here, and these the *Dragons* that did guard thē.

You may travel the Countrey though you have not a guide: for you cannot baulk your road without the hazard of drowning. There is not there any use of an Harbinger. Where soever men go the way is made before them Had they Cities large as their walls, *Rome* would be esteemed a Babel. 20 miles in length is nothing for a Waggon to be burried on one of them, where if your fore-man be sober, you may travel in safety, otherwise you must have stronger faith than *Peter* had, else you sink immediately. A starting horse endangers you to two deaths at once, breaking of your nek, and drowning.

If

If your way be not thus, it hangs in the water, and at the approach of your Waggon shall shake as if it were Ague. trucken. *Duke d Alva*'s asking of the tenth penny frighted it into a *Palsy*, which all the *Mountebancks* they have bred since could never tell how to cure.

'Tis indeed but a bridge of swimming earth, or a flag somewhat thicker than ordinary, if the strings crack your course is shortned, you can neither hope for Heaven, nor fear Hell, you shall be sure to stick fast between them. Marry if your Faith flow Purgatory height, you may pray if you will for that to cleanse you from the Mud shall soil you.

'Tis a green sod in water, where if the *German Eagle* dares to bath him self, he's glad again to pearch that he may dry his wings.

Some things they do that seem Wonders. 'Tis ordinary to see them fish for fire in Water, which they catch in Nets and transport to land in their Boats, where they sprea it more smoothly than a

Mercer doth is *Velvet* when he would hook in an heir upon his coming to age. Thus lying in a field, you would think you saw a Cantle of green Cheese spread over with black Butter.

If *Ætna* be Hells mouth or foregate, sure here's found the *Postern*. 'Tis the *Port Esquiline* of the World, where the whole earth doth vent her crude black gore, which the Inhabitans scrape away for fuel, as men with spoons do excrements from *Civet-cats*.

Their ordinary Pack-horses are all of wood, carry their bridles in their tails, and their burdens in their bellies. A strong tide and a stiff Gale are the spurs that make them speedy. When they travel they stand still they drink up too much of their way.

There is a Province amonh them, where every Woman carries a Cony in a *Lam skin*. 'Tis a custom, and not one that travels ever leaves it behind her. Now gues if you can what beast that is, which is clad in a fur bot of hair and wool.

They

They dreſs their meat *in Aqua Cœleſti* for it ſprings not as ours from the earth, but comes to them as *Manna* to the *Iſraelites*, falling from Heaven. This they keep under ground till it ſtinks, and then they pump it out again for uſe. So when you wash your Hands with one hand, you had need hold your Noſe with the other; for though it be not cordial, 'tis certainly a ſtrong Water.

The Elements are here at variance, the ſubtile overſwaying the groſſer. The fire conſumes the earth, and the air the water They burn Turffs, and drain their ground with Windmills: As if the Cholick were a remedy for the Stone; and they would prove againſt Philoſophy the Worlds conflagration to be natural, even shewing thereby that the very Element of Earth is combuſtible.

The Land that they have they keep as neatly as a Courtier does his Beard. They have a Methode in Mowing. 'Tis ſo intervein'd with Water and Rivers, that it is impoſſible to make a Common among

them. Even the *Brownists* are here at a ſtand, only they hold their pride in wrangling for that which they never will find. Our Juſtices would be much at eaſe although our *Engliſh* Poor were ſtill among them: For whatſoever they do, they can break no hedges. Sure had the Wiſemen of *Gotham* lived here, they would have ſtudied ſome other death for their *Cuckow*.

Their Ditches they frame as they liſt, and diſtinguiſh them into nooks, as my Lord Mayors *Cook* doth his Cuſtards. Cleanſe them they do often: but 'tis as Phyſicians give their potions, more to catch te fish, than caſt the mud out.

Though their Countrey be part of a main land, yet every houſe almoſt ſtands in an Iſland. And that though a Boor dwell in it, looks as ſmug as a Lady that hath newly lockt up her colours, and laid by her Irons. A gallant masquing ſuit fits not more compleat, than a coat of thatch though many years wearing.

If it ſtand dry 'tis embraced by *Vines*

as

as if it were againſt the nature of a *Dutchman* not to have *Bacchus* his neihgbour. If you find it lower-ſeated, 'tis only a cloſe Arbor in a plump of *Willows* and *Alders*, pleaſant enough while the Dog-days laſt; but thoſe paſt once, you muſt practice wading, or be priſoner till the next Spring: only a hard froſt with the help of a Sledge, may releaſe you.

The Bridg to this is an outlandish planck with a box of Stones to poiſe it withal, which with the leaſt help turns round like the executioner when he whips off a head. That when the Maſter is over ſtands drawn, and then he is in his Caſtle.

'Tis ſure his fear that renders him ſuſpicious. That he may therefore certainly ſee who enters, you shall ever find his window made over his door. But it may be, that is to shew you his Pedigree, for though his Anceſtors were never known, their Arms are there; which (in ſpight of Heraldry) ſhall bear their Atchievment with a Helmet for a Baron at leaſt. Mar y

the Field perhaps shall be charged with three baskets, to shew what trade his father was.

Escutcheons are as Plentiful as Gentry is scarce. Every man there is his own Herald; and he that has but wit enough to invent a Coat, may challenge it as his own.

When you are entred the house, the first thing you encounter is a Looking-glass. No question but a true Embleme of politick Hospitality; for though it reflect your self in your own figure, 't is yet no longer than while you are there before it. When you are gone once it flatters the next comer, without the least remembrance that you ever were there.

The next are the Vessels of the house marshalled about the room like Watchmen. All as neat as if you were in a Citizens Wives Cabinet; for un less it be themselves, they let none of Gods creatures lose any thing of their native beauty.

Their Houses, especially in their Cities, are the best eye-beauties of their Countrey. For cost and sight they far exceed

exceed our *English*, but they want their Magnificence. Their Lining is yet more rich than their outside, not in hangings but Pictures, which even the pooreſt are there furniſht with. Not a Cobler but has his toys for ornament. Were the knacks of all their houſes ſet together, there would not be ſuch another *Bartholomew*-Fair in *Europe*.

Their Artiſts for theſe are as rare as thought; for they can paint youa fat hen in her feathers; and if you want the language, you may learn a great deal of Dutch by their ſigns; for what they are, they ever write under them. So by this device hang up more honeſty than they keep.

Coaches are as rare as Comets; and thoſe that live looſely need not fear one punishment which often vexes ſuch with us: They may be ſure, though they be diſcovered, they ſhall not be carted.

All their Merchandiſe they draw through the ſtreets on Sledges; or as we on Hurdles do traitors to execution.

Their

Their Rooms are but ſeveral land-boxes: if ſo, you muſt either go out to ſpit, or blush when you ſee the Map brought.

Their Beds are no other than Landcabins, high enough to need a Ladder or ſtairs. Up once, you are walled in with Wainſcot, and that is good Diſcretion to avoid the trouble of making your will every night; for once failing out would break your neck perfectly. But if you die in it, this comfort you ſhall leave your friends, that you di'd in clean linnen.

Whatſoever their eſtates be, their houſes muſt be fair. Therefore from *Amſterdam* they have banisht Sea-coal, leſt it ſoil their buildings, of which the ſtatelier ſort are ſomtimes ſententious, and in the front carry ſome conceit of the Owner. As to give you a taſte in theſe.

Chriſtus adjutor meus.
Hoc abdicato perenne pereo.
Hic medio tutius itur.

Every door ſeems ſtudded with Diamonds. Thei nails and hinges hold a conſtant brightneſs, as if ruſt there were not

a quality

a quality incident to Iron. Their Houſes they keep cleaner than their bodies, their bodies than their ſouls. Go to one, you ſhall find the Andirons shut up in networks. At a ſecond, the Warming-pan muffled in *Italian* Cut-work. At a third the Sconce clad in Cambrick. And like a Crown advanced in the middle of the houſe, for the Woman there is the Head of the Husband, ſo takes the Horn to her own charge, which she ſometimes multiplies, and beſtows the increaſe on her man.

'Tis true, they are not ſo ready at this play as the *English*; for neither are they ſo generally bred to't, nor are their men ſuch Linnen-lifters. Idleneſs and Courtship has not banisht honeſty. They ſpeak more, and do leſs; yet doth their blood boil high, and their veins are full, which argues ſtrongly that when they will they may take up the cnſtom of entertaining ſtrangers. And having once done it, I believe they will he notable; for I have heard they trade more for love then money, but 'tis of the ſport not the

man,

man, and therefore when they like the paſtime they will reward the Gameſter; otherwiſe their groſs feed and clownish breeding hath ſpoiled them from being nobly minded. And if you once in publick diſcover her private favours or pretend to more than is civil, she falls off like Fairy wealth diſcloſed, and turns like Beer with Lightening to a ſowerneſs, which neither Art nor Labour can ever make ſweet again.

But this I muſt give you on report onely; Experience herein hath neither made me Fool no Wiſe.

The People are generally Boorish, yet none but may be bred to a States-man, they having all this gift, Not to be ſo nice-conſcienced, but that they can turn out Religion to let in Policy.

Their Countrey is the God they worship. War is their Heaven Peace is their Hell, and the *Spaniard* is the Devil they hate. Cuſtom is their Law, and their Will Reaſon.

You may fooner convert a *Jew*, than make

make an ordinary *Dutchman* yield to arguments that croſs him. An old Baud is eaſilier turned Puritan, than a Waggoner perſuaded not to bait thrice in 9 miles. And when he doth, his horſes muſt not ſtir, but have their Manger brought them into the way, where in a topſweat they eat their graſs, and drink their water, and preſently after hurry away. For they ever drive as if they were all the Sons of *Nimshy*, and were furiouſly either purſuing an enemy, or flying him.

His ſpirits are generated from the *Engliſh* Beer, and that makes him headſtrong. His Body is built of pickled Herring, and they render him teſty: theſe with a little Butter, Onions, and *Holland* Cheeſe are the Ingredients of an ordinary *Dutchman*; which a Voyage to the *Eaſt-Indies*, with the heat of the *Equinoctial* con ſolidates.

If you ſee him fat, he hath been rooting in a Cabbage-ground and that bladdered him. Viewing him naked, you will pray him to pull off his Maſque and

Glo-

Gloves, or wish him to hide his face that he may appear more lovely. For that and his hands are *Egypt*, however his body be *Europe*. He hath expoſed them ſo much to the Sun and Water, as he is now his own diſguiſe, and without a vizard, may ſerve in any *Antimaſque* you put him in.

For their condition they are churliſh as their breeder *Neptune*: and without doubt very ancient; for they were bred before manners were in faſhion. Yet all they have not they account ſuperfluity, which they ſay mēdeth ſome, & marreth many.

They ſhould make good Juſtices, for they reſpect neither perſons nor apparel. A boor in his liquor'd ſlop, ſhall have as much good uſe as a Courtier in his bravery: Nay more, for he that is but courtly or gentile, is among them like a *Merlyn* after *Michaelmaſs* in the field with *Crowes*. They wonder at and envy, but worſhip no ſuch Images. Marry with a Silver hook you ſhall catch theſe *Gudgeons* preſently. The love of gain being to them as natural as water to a Gooſe, or carrion to any Kite that flies. They

They are ſeldom deceived, for they truſt no body; ſo by conſequence are better to hold a fort than win it; yet they can do both. Truſt them you muſt if you travel. For to ask a Bill of particulars, is to purre in a Waſps-neſt; you muſt pay what they ask, as ſure as if it were the Aſſeſment of a Subſidy.

Complement is an idleneſs they were never trained up in, and 'tis their happineſs that Court-vanities have not ſtolen away their minds from buſineſs.

Their being Sailors and Souldiers have marred two parts already, if they bath once in court-oyle they are painted Trap-doors. And ſhall then let the *Jews* build a City where *Harlem Mere* is, and after cozen 'em on't.

They ſhall abuſe a ſtranger for nothing, and after a few baſe terms ſcroch one another to a *Carbonade*, or as they do their Coaches when they fry them.

Nothing can quiet them but money and liberty, yet when they have them they abuſe both; but if you tell them ſo you awake

awake their fury; and you may sooner calm the sea, than conjure that into compass again. Their anger hath no eyes: and their judgment doth not flow so much from reason as passion and partiality.

They are in a manner all *Aquatiles*, and therefore the *Spaniard* calls them water-dogs. To this, though you need not condescend; yet withall, you may think they can catch you a duck as soon. Sea-*Gulls* do not swim more readily: nor *More-hens* from their nest run sooner to the water. Every thing is so made to swim among them, as it is a question if *Elizeus* his Axe were now floating there, it would be taken for a miracle.

They love none but those that do for them; and when they leave off, they neglect him. They have no friends but their kindred, which at every wedding feast among themselves like tribes.

All that help them not they hold popish; and take it for an argument of much honesty, to rail bitterly against the

the King of *Spain*. And certainly, this is the badge of an ill Nature, when they have once cast off the yoke, to be most virulent against those to whom of right they owe respect and service. Grateful dispositions, though by their lords they be exempt from service, will yet be paying reverence and affection. I am confident that had they not been once the Subjects of *Spain*, the would have loved the Nation better. But now out of dying Duties ashes all the Blazes of hostility and flame. And 'tis sufficient ground to contemn their eternal hate, to know the world remembers, they were once the lawful subjects off that most Catholik Crown.

Their shipping is the *Babel* which they boast on for the glory of their Nation. 'tis indeed a wonder, and they will have it so. But we may well hope they will never be so mighty by Land, lest they shew us how doggedly they can insult where they get mastery.

'Tis their own *Chronicle*-business, which

which can tell you that at the siege of *Leyden*, a Fort being held by the *Spanish*, by the *Dutch* was after taken by assault. The Defendants were put to the sword; where one of the *Dutch* in the fury of the slaughter, ript up the Captain's body, and with a barbarous hand tore out the yet-living heart panting among the reeking bowels, then with his teeth rent it still warm with blood into gobbets, which he spitted over the Battelments in defiance to the rest of the Army.

Oh Tigres breed! the *Scythian* Bear could never have been more savage. To be necessitated into cruelty, is a mis-fortune to the strongly tempted to it; but to let spleen rave, and mad it in resistless blood, shews nature stupid i'th' livid gall of passion; and beyond all brutishness displays the unnoble Tyranny of a prevailing Coward.

Th ir Navies are the whip of *Spain*, or the Arm wherewith they pull away his *Indies*. Nature hath not bred them so active for the land as some others: But

Sea

Sea they are water devils, to attempt things incredible.

In Fleets they can fight close, and rather hazard all then save some, while others perish: but single, they will flag and fear like birds in a bush, when the *Sparrow-hawks* bells are heard.

A *Turkish* Man of War is as dreadful to them as a *Falcon* to a *Mallard*; from whom their best remedy is to steal away. But if they come to blows, they want the valiant stoutness of the *English*, who will rather expire bravely in a bold resistance, then yield to the lasting slavery of becoming captives to so barbarous an enemy. And this shews, they have not learned yet even Pagan Philosophy, which ever preferre an honourable death before a life thralled to perpatual slavery.

Their Ships lie like high Woods in Winter: and if you view them on the North-side you frieze without hope, for they ride so thick, that you can through them see no Sun to warm you with.

Sailers among them are as common as

beggars with us. They can drink, rail swear, niggle, steal, and be lowsie alike; but examining their use, a mess of their Knaves are worth a million of ours: for they in a boisterous rudeness can work, and live, and toil, whereas ours will rather laze themselves to poverty, and like Cabages left out in Winter, rot away in the lothsomness of a nauseous sloth.

Almost all among them are Seamen born, and like frogs can live both on land and water Not a Countrey-Vriester but can handle an oar, steer a boat, raise a mast, and bear you out in the rongheſt straits you come in. The Ship she avouches much better for sleep than a bed. Being full of humors, that is her cradle, which sulls and roks her to a dull phlegmatickness, most of them looking like a full grown Oyster boil'd. Slime, humid air, water, and wet diet, have so bag'd their cheeks, that some would take their paunches to be gotten above their chin.

The Countreys Governement is a *Democracy*, and there had need be many to rule

nle such a rabble of rude ones. Tel them of a King, and they could cut your throat in earneſt. The very name carries ſervitude in it, and they hate it more than a *Jew* doth Images, a Woman old age, or a Nonconformiſt a Surplice.

None among them hath Authority by inheritance, that were the way in time to parcel out their Countrey to Families. They are choſen all as our Kings chuſe Sheriffs for the Counties: not for their ſin of Wit, but for the Wealth they have to bear it out withall; which they ſo overaffect, that *Mijn Here* ſhall walk the Streets as Uſurers go to Bawdy houſes, all alone and melancholy. And if they may be had cheap, he will daub his faced cloke with two penniworth of pickled Herrings which him ſelf ſhall carry home in a ſtring. A common voice hath given him preeminence, and he loſes it by living as he did when he was but a *Boor*. But if you pardon what is paſt, they are about thinking it time to learn more civility.

Their juſtice is ſtrict, if it croſs not policy: but rather than hinder Traffick tolerates any thing.

There is not under Heaven ſuch a Den of ſeveral Serpents as *Amſterdam* is, you may be what devil you will ſo you push not the State with your horns.

'Tis an Univerſity of all Religions which grow here confuſedly (like ſtocks in a Nurſery) without either order or pruning. If you be unſetled in your Religion, you may here try all, and take at laſt what you like beſt. If you fancy none, you have a pattern to follow, of two, that would be a Church to themſelves.

'Tis the Fair of all the Sects, where all the Pedlers of Religion have leave to vent their toys, their ribands, and phanatick rattles. And should it be true, it were a cruel brand which *Romiſts* ſtick upon them, For (ſay they) as the *Camelion* changes into all Colours but white: ſo they admit of all Religions but the true, for *Papiſt* only may not exerciſe his in publick: yet his reſtraint they plead is not in hatred

hatred but justice, because the *Spaniard* abridges the *Protestant*. And they had rather shew a little spleen, than not cry quit with their ennemy. His act is their Warrant, which they retaliate justly. And for this reason rather than the *Duinkirks* they take shall not die. *Amsterdam* having none of their own; shall borrow a Hangman from *Harlem*.

Now albeit the *Papists*, do them wrong herein, yet can it not excuse their boundless *Toleration*, which shews they place their Republick in a higher esteem than Heaven it self: and had rather cross upon *God* than it. For whosoever disturbs the civil Government is liable to punishment: But the Decrees of Heaven, and Sanctions of the Deity any one may break uncheck't, by professing what false Religion he please. So *Consulary Rome* of old, brought all the stragling gods of other Nations to the City, where blinded superstition paid an adoration to them.

In their Families they all are equall, and you have no way to know the Master and Mistress, but by taking them in bed together. It may be those are they: Otherwise *Malky* can prate as much, laugh as loud, be as bold, and sit as well as her Mistress.

Had *Logicians* lived here first, Father and Son had never passed so long for Relatives. They are here Individuals, for no Demonstrance of Duty or Authority can distinguish them, as if they were created together, and not born successively. And as for your Mother, bidding her good night, and kissing her, is punctual blessing.

Your Man shall be saucy, and you must not strike; if you do he shall complain to the *Schout*, and perhaps have recompence, 'tis a dainty place to please boys in: for your father shall bargain with your Schoolmaster not to whip you: if he doth, he shall revenge it with his knife, and have Law for it.

Their Apparel is civil enough and good

good enough but very uncomly, & has usually more stuffe then shape. Only their *Huikes* aire commodious in Winter; but 'tis to be lamented, that they have not wit enough to lay them by when Summer comes.

Their Women would have good faces if they did not mar them with making. Their *Ear-wyers* have so nipt in their Cheeks, that you would think some Fairy, to do them a mischief, had pincht them behind with tongs. These they dress, as if they would shew you all their wit lay behind, and they needs would cover it. And thus ordered, they have much more forehead than face.

The love the *English Gentry* well; and when Soldiers come over to be billeted among them, they are *emulous* in chusing of their guest, who fares much the better for being liked by his *Hostess*.

Men and Women are there *starched so blew*, that if they once grow old, you would verily believe you saw *Winter* walking up to the neck in a barrel of *Indigo*:

And therefore they rail at *England* for ſpending no more *blewing*.

Your man among them is elſe clad tolerably unleſs he inclines to the Sea-fashion: and then are his breeches yawning at the knees, as if they were about to ſwallow his legs unmercifully.

They are far there from going naked, for of a whole woman you can ſee but half a face. As for her hand, that shews her a ſore Labourer; which you shall ever find as it were in recompence loaden with Rings to the cracking of her fingers. If you look lower; she's a Monkey chain'd about the middle, and had rather want it in diet, than not have ſilver links to hang her keys in.

Their Gowns are fit to hide great bellies, but they make them shew ſo unhandſom that men do not care for getting them. Marry this you shall find to their commendation, their ſmocks are ever whiter than their skin.

Where the Woman lies in, the Ringle of the door does penance, and is lapped about

about with linnen, either to shew you that loud knocking may wake the child; or else that for a month the Ring is not to be run at. But if the child be dead, there is thrust out a Nosegay tied to a sticks end; perhaps for an emblem of the life of man, which may wither as soon as born; or else to let you know that though these fade upon their gathering, yet from the same stock, the next year a new shoot may spring.

You may rail at us for often changing; but I assure you with them is great deal more following the fashion; which they will plead for as the ignorant Laity for their faith. They will keep it because their Ancestors lived in it. Thus they will rather keep an old fault though they discover errors in it, than in an easie change to meet a certain remedy.

For their diet, they eat much and spend little: When they set out a Fleet to the *Indies*, it shall live 3 months on the Offals which we here fear would surfeit our swine, yet they feed on't, and are still the same *Dutchmen*.

In their houſes Roots and Stockfiſh are Staple commodities. If they make a feaſt and add flesh, they have Art to keep it hot more days, than a *Pigs-head* in *Py-corner*. Salt-meats and ſour *Cream* they hold him a fool that loves not, only the laſt they correct with Sugar, and are not half ſo well pleaſed with having it ſweet at firſt, as with letting it four, that they may ſweeten it again, as if a woman were not half ſo pleaſing being eaſily won, as after a ſcolding fit she comes by man to be calmed again.

Fiſh indeed they have brave and plentiful; and herein practice hath made them Cooks as good as ere *Lucullus* his latter Kitchin had, which is ſome recompence for their wilfulneſs, for you can neither pray nor buy them to alter their own Cookery.

To a feaſt they come readily, but being ſet once you muſt have patience. They are longer eating meat than we preparing it. If it be to ſupper, you conclude timely when you get away by day-break.

They

They drink down the evening Starre, and drink upon the morning Starre. At those times it goes hard with a ſtranger, all in courteſie will be drinking to him, and all that do ſo he muſt pledge: till he doth, the fili'd Cups circle round his Trencher, from whence they are not taken away till emptied. For though they give you day for payment, yet they will not abate the ſum. They ſit not there as we in *England*, men together, and women firſt; but ever intermingled with a man between: and inſtead of Marchpanes, and ſuch juncates, 'tis good manners if any be there, to carry away a piece of Apple-Py in your pocket.

The time they there ſpend, is in eating well, in drinking much, and prating moſt. For the truth is, the compleateſt drinker in *Europe* is your English Gallant. There is no ſuch Conſumer of liquor as the Quaffing off of his Healths. Time was the *Dutch* had the better of it; but of late he hath loſt it by prating too long over his pot. He ſips and laughs,

and tells his tale and in a Tavern is more prodigal of his time than his wine. He drinks as if he were short winded; and as it were eats his drink by morsels, rather besieging his brains then assaulting them. But the *Englishman* charges home on the sudden, swallows it whole, and like a hasty tide, fills an flows himself till the mad brain swims, and tosses on the hasty fume. As if his Liver were burning out his stomach, and he striving to quench it, drowns it. So the one is drunk sooner, and the other longer. As if striving to recover the wager, the *Dutchman* would still be the perfectest soker.

In this Progress *you have seen some of their* Vices, *now view a* Fairer Object.

So-

SOlomon *tells of* four *things that are ſmall and full of* Wiſdome; *The* Piſmire, *the* Graſhopper, *the* Coney, *and the* Spider.

FOr *Providence*, they are the *Piſmires* of te world: and having nothing but what graſs affords them, are yet for almoſt all Proviſions, the Store-houſe of the whole of *Chriſtendom*. What is it which there may not be found in plenty? They making by their induſtry all the fruits of the vaſt Earth their own. What Land can boaſt a priviledge that they do not partake of? They have not of their own enough materials to compile one ship; Yet how many Nations do they furniſh? the remoter angles of the world do by their pains deliver them their ſweets: and being of themſelves in want, their diligence hath made them both *Indies* nearer home.

They are frugal to the saving of Egg-shels, and maintain it for a Maxime, That a thing lasts longer mended than new.

Their *Cities* are their *Mole-hills*, their *Schutes* and *Flyboats* creep and return with their store for Winter: every one is busie and carries his grain; as if every City were a several *Hive*, and the *Bees* not permitting a drone to inhabit; For idle persons must finde some other mansion. And lest necessity bereave men of means to set them on work, there are publick Banks, that (without use) lend upon pawns to all the poor that want.

There is a season when the *Pismires* fly, and so each *Summer* they likewise *swarm* abroad with their Armies.

The *Ant*, says one, is a wise creature, but a shrewd thing in a Garden or Orchard. And truly so are they; For they look upon others too little, and upon themselves too much. And whersoever they light in a pleasant or rich soyl, like suckers and lower plants they rob from the root of that tree which gives them shade

and

and protection, so their wisdom is not indeed Heroick or Numnial; as Courting an Universal Good; But rather narrow and restrictive; As being a wisdom but for themselves, which to speak plainly, is descending into Craft; and is but the siniſter part of that which is really Noble and Cœlestiall.

Nay in all they hold so true a proportion with the *Emmet*, as you shall not find they want so much as the sting.

For dwelling in Rocks they are Conies. And while the *Spanish* tumbler plays about them, they rest secure in their own inaccessible berries. Where have you under heaven, such impregnable Fortifications? Where art beautifies nature, and nature makes art invincible: Here in indeed they differ: The Conies find Rocks, and they make them. And as they would invert the miracle of *Moses*, They raise them in the bosom of the waves, where within these twenty years, ships furrowed in the pathsles Ocean, the peaceful plough now unbowels the fertile

tile earth, which at night is carried home to the faireſt Manſions in *Holland*.

Every town hath his Garriſon; and the Keys of the Gates in the night time are not truſted but in the State-houſe. From theſe holds they bolt abroad for proviſions, and then return to their faſtneſſes replenished.

For war they are Grashoppers, and without a King go forth in bands to conquer Kings. They have not only defended themſelves at their own home, but have braved the *Spaniard* at his. In *An.* 1599. under the command of *van der Does*, was the Grand Canary taken. The chief City ſackt, the King of *Spain*'s Enſigns taken down, and the colours of his Excellency ſet up in their room. In the year 1600. the battel of *Nieuport* was a gallant piece, when with the loſs of a thouſand or little more, they ſlew 7000. of their enemies, took above 100. Enſigns, the Admiral of *Arragon* a priſoner. The very furniture of the Arch-Duke's own Chamber and Cabinet, yea, the ſignet that belonged to his hand.

In

In 1607 they assailed the *Armada* of *Spain* in the Bay of *Gibraltar*, under covert of the Castle and Towns Ordinance, and with the loss of 150 slew above 2000 and ruined the whole Fleet. Certainly a bolder attempt hath ever scarce been done. The *Indian* Mastiff never was more fierce against the angry Lion. Nor can the Cock in his crowing valour, become more prodigal of his blood than they.

There hardly is upon earth such a school of Martial Discipline. 'Tis the Christian worlds *Academy* for Arms, whither all the Neighbour-nations resort to be instructed; where they may observe how unresistible a blow many small grains of powder will make, being heaped together, which yet if you separate, can do nothing but sparkle and die.

Their recreation is the practice of Arms; and they learn to be souldiers sooner than men. Nay, as if they placed a Religion in Arms, every Sunday is concluded with the train'd-bands marching through their Cities.

For

For industry, they are *Spiders*, and are in the Palaces of Kings. Of old they were the guard of the person of the *Roman* Emperor; And by the *Romans* themselves declared to be their friends and companions. There is none have the like intelligence; Their Merchants are at this day the greatest of the Universe. What Nation is it where they have not insinuated: Nay, which they have not almost anatomized, and even discovered they very intrinsick veins on't?

Even among us, they shame us with their industry, which makes them seem as if they had a faculty from the worlds Creation, out of water to make dry land appear. They win our drowned grounds which we cannot recover, and chase back *Neptune* to his own old Banks.

All that they do is by such labour as it seems extracted out of their own bowels. And in their wary thrift, they hang by such a slender sustentation of life, that one would think their own weight should be enough to crack it.

Want

Want of Idleneſs keeps them from want. And 'tis their diligence makes them Rich.

A fruitful Soil encreaſeth the Harveſt. A plentiful Sun augmenteth the Store; and ſeaſonable showres drop fatneſs on the Crop we reap. But no Rain fructifies more than the dew of Sweat.

You would think being with them you were in old *Iſrael*, for you find not a beggar among them Nor are they mindful of their own alone; but ſtrangers alſo partake of their care and bounty. If they will depart, they have money for their Convoy. If they ſtay, they have work provided. If unable, they find an Hoſpital. Their Providence extends even from the Prince to the catching of flies. And leſt you loſe an afternoon by fruitleſs mourning, by two of the Clock all Burials muſt end. Wherein to prevent the waſt of ground, they pile Coffin upon Coffin till the Sepulchre be full.

In all their Manufactures they hold a truth and conſtancy for they are as fruits from

from trees, the same every year that they are at first; Not apples one year and crabs the next; and so for ever after. In the sale of these they also are at a word, they will gain rather than exact, and have not that way whereby our Citizens abuse the wise and cozen the ignorant; and by their infinite over-asking for commodities proclaim to the World that they would cheat all if it were in their power.

The depravation of Manners they punish with contempt, but the defects of Nature they favor with charity. Even their *Bedlam* is a place so curious, that a Lord might live in it; Their *Hospital* might lodge a Lady: So that safely you may conclude, amongst them even Poverty and Madness do both inhabit handsomly. And though Vice makes every thing turn sordid, yet the State will have the very correction of it to be neat, as if they would shew, that though obedience fail, yet Government must be still it self and decent. To prove this, they that do but view their *Bridiwel*, will think it may

receive

ceive a Gentleman though a Gallant. And so their prison a wealthy Citizen. But for a poor man, 'tis his best policy to be laid there, for he that cast him in must maintain him.

Their Language though it differ from the higher *Germany*, yet hath it the same ground, and is as old as *Babel*. And albeit harsh, yet so lofty and full a tongue as made *Goropius Becanus* maintain it for the speech of *Adam* in his Paradise. And surely if there were not other reasons against it, the significancy of the Ancient *Teutonick* might carry it from the primest Dialect. *Stevin* of *Bruges* reckons up 2170 Monosyllables, which being compounded, how richly do they grace a Tongue? A Tongue that for the general profession is extended, further than any that I know. Through both the *Germanies*, *Denmark*, *Norway*, *Sweden*, and some times *France*, *England*, *Spain*. And still among us all our words are *Dutch*, with yet so little change, that certainly it is in a manner the same that it

was

was 2000 years ago, without the too much mingled borrowings of their neighbor Nations.

The *Germans* are a people that more than all the world I think may boast sincerity, as being for som thousand of years a pure & unmixed people. And surely: I see not but their conduction by *Tuisco* from the building of *Babel* may pass as unconfuted Story, they yet retaining the Appellation from his Name.

They are a large and numerous people, having ever kept their own, and transported Colonies into other Nations. In *Italy* were the *Longobards*; in *Spain* the *Gothes* and *Vandalls*; in *France* the *Franks* or *Franconians*; in *England* the *Saxons*: having in all these left reverend Steps of their Antiquity and Language.

It is a noble Testimony that so grave an Historian as *Tacitus* hath left still extant of them, and writ ten above fifteen hundred years ago: *Deliberant dum fingere nesciunt: Constituunt dum errare non possunt.* They deliberate when they can-

not

not dissemble: and resolve when they cannot erre.

Two hundred and ten years the *Romans* were in conquering them In which space on either side were the losses sad and fatal. So as neither the *Samnites*, the *Carthaginians*, the *Spaniards*, the *Gauls*, no nor the *Parthians* ever troubled them like the *Germans*. They slew and took prisoners several Commanders of the highest rank, as *Carbo*, *Cassius*, *S. Caurus Aurelius*, *Cervilius Cepio*, and *M. Manlius*. They defeated five *Consulary Armies*, and *Varus* with three legions, yet after all this he concludes, *Triumphati magis quam victi sunt*. They were rather triumphed over then conquered. To confirm this, the keeping of their own language is an argument un answerable. The change whereof ever follows upon the fully vanquished, as we may see it did in *Italy*, *France*, *Spain*, *England*.

And this he speaks of the Nation in general: nor was the opinion of the *Romans* less worthy in particular concerning

ning these lower Provinces, wh'ch made them for their valor and warlike mind ſtile them by the name of *Gallia Belgica* and eſpecially of the *Batavians*, which were the *Hollanders* and part of *Guelders*. You may hear in what honourable terms he mentions them, where ſpeaking of the ſeveral people of *Germany*, he ſays, *Omnium harum Gentium virtute præcipui Batavi: Nam nec tributis contemnuntur, nec publicanus atterit: exempti oneribus & collationibus, & tantum in uſum prælio-rum ſepoſiti, velut tela atque arma bellis reſervantur.* Of all theſe Nations the principal in valiant vertue are the *Batavians*; for neither are they become deſpicable by paying of tribute, nor oppreſſed too much by the Farmor of publicke Revenues, but free from taxes and contributions of ſervility; they are ſpecially ſet apart for the fight, as Armor and Weapons only reſerved for War.

All this even at this day they ſeem to make good. For of all the world they are the people that thrive and grow rich by the

the war, like the *Porcipisce*, that plays in the storm, but at other times keeps sober under the water.

War which is the worlds ruine, and ravins npon the beauty of all, is to them prosperity and ditation. And surely the reason of this is their strength in shipping, the open Sea, their many fortified Towns & the Country by Reason of its lowness and plentifull irrigation becoming unpassable for an army when the winter but approches. Otherwise it is hardly possible that so small a parcell of Mankind, should brave the most potent Monarch of Christendom, who in his own hands holds the Mines of the wars sinews Money, and hath now got a command so wide, that out of his Dominions the Sun can neither rise nor set.

The whole seventeen Provinces are not above a thousand English miles in circuit. And in the States hands there is not 7. of those. Yet have they in the field sometimes 60000 Souldiers besides those which they always keep in Garri-

ſon, which cannot be but a conſiderable number neer thirty thouſand. There being in the whole Countries above two hundred wall'd Towns and Cities. So that if they have people for the War, one would wonder where they ſhould get mony to pay them; They being, when they have an army in the field, at thouſand pound a day charge extraordinary.

To maintain this, their Exciſe is an unwaſted Mine, which with the infiniteneſs of their Traffick, and their untired induſtry, is by every part of the World in ſomething or other contributed to.

The Sea yields them by two ſorts of Fish only, *Herrings* and *Cod*, ſixty thouſand pound *per annum*; for which they go out ſometimes ſeven or eight hundred boats at once, and for greater ships, they are able to ſet out double the number.

Their Merchandiſe amounted in *Guiciardines* time to fourteen millions *per annum*. Whereas *England*, which is in compaſs almoſt as large again, and hath the Ocean as a Ring about her, made not

as

above six millions yearly; so sedulous are these Bees to labour and enrich their Hive.

As they on the Sea, so the women are busie on land in weaving of Nets, and helping to adde to the heap. And though a husbands long absence might tempt them to lascivious ways; yet they hate adultery, and are resolute in Matrimonial chastity. I do not remember that ever I read in Story, of any hreat Lady of that nation, that hath bin taxt with looseness. And questionless 'tis their ever being busie, makes them have no leisure for lust.

'Tis idleness that is *Cupids* Nurse; but businesse breaks his Bow, and makes his arrows useless.

They are both Merchants and Farmers. And there act parts, which men can but discharge with us. As if they would shew that the Souls in all is masculine, and not varied in to weaker sex as are the bodies that they wear about them

Whether this be from the nature of

their Country, in which if they be not laborious they cannot live; or from an Innate Genius of People by a Superiour Providence adopted to them of such a situation; from their own inclination addicted to parsimony; from custome in their way of breeding; from any Transcendency of active parts more than other Nations; or from being in their Country, like people in a City besieged, whereby their own vertues do more compact and fortifie; I will not determine. But certainly in general they are the most painful an diligent people on earth: And of all other the most truly of *Vespasianus* opinion, to think, that *Ex re qualibet bonus odor lucri*; Be it raised from what it will, the smell of gain is pleasant.

Yet they are in some sort Gods, for they set bounds to the Sea: and when they list let it pass again. Even their dwelling is a miracle. They live lower than the fishes. In the very lap of the floods, and incircled in their watry arms. They are the *Israelites* passing through the Red

Sea

Sea. The waters wall in them, and if they set ope their sluces shall drown up their enemies.

They have strugled long with *Spains Pharaoh*, and they have at length inforced him to let them go. They are a *Gideons* Army upon the march again. They are the *Indian* Rat, gnawing the bowels of the *Spanish Crocodile*, to which they got when he gap'd to swallow them. They are a serpent wreathed about the legs of that *Elephant*. They are the little Sword-fish pricking the belly of the *Whale*. They are the wane of that Empire, which increas'd in *Isabella*, and in *Charles* the fifth was at full.

They are a glass wherein Kings may see that though they be Soveraignes over lives and goods, yet when they usurp upon Gods part, and will be Kings over conscience too, they are sometimes punisht with losse of that which lawfully is their own. That Religion too fiercely urg'd to stretch a string till it not onely jears, but cracks; and in the break-

ing, whips (perhaps) the ſtreiners eye out.

That an extreme taxation is to take away the hony while the Bees keep the Hive, whereas he that would Inke that, ſhould firſt either burn them; or drive them out. That Tyrants in their Government are the greateſt Traitors to their own States. That a deſire of being too abſolute is to walk upon *Pinacles* and the tops of *Piramides*, where not only the ſooting is full of hazard, but even the ſharpneſs of that they tread on may run into their foot and wound them. That too much to regrate on the patience of but tickle Subjects, is to preſs a thorn till it prick your finger. That nothing makes a more deſperate Rebell than a Prerogative inforced too far.

That liberty in man is as the skin to the body, not to be put off, but together with life. That they which will command more than they ought, ſhall not at laſt command ſo much as is fit.

That moderate Princes ſit faſter in their

their Regalities, than such as being but men, would yet have their power over their Subjects, as the Gods unlimited. That oppression is an iron heat till it burns the hand. That to debar some States of *ancient Priviledges*, is for a Falcon to undertake to beat a flock of Wild geese out of the Fens. That to go about to compell a sullen reason to submit to a willfull peremptorines, is so long to beat a chain'd mastiff into his kennell, till at last he turns and flies at your throat. That unjust policy is to shoot as they did at *Ostend*, into the mouth of a charged Canon, to have two Bullets returned for one. That he doth but indanger himself, that riding with too weak a Bit, provokes a head-strong horse with a spur. That 'tis safer to meet a valiant man weaponless, than almost a coward in Armor. That even a weak cause with a strong Castle, will boil salt blood to a rebellious Itch. That 'tis better keeping a Crazy body in an equal temper, than to anger humors by too sharp a Physick.

That Admonitions from a dying man are too serious to be neglected. That there is nothing certain that is not impossible. That a Cobler of *Flushing* was one of the greatest enemies that the King of *Spain* ever had.

To conclude, the Country it self is a Moted Castle, keeping a Garnish of the richest Jewels of the world in't; The Queen of *Bohemia* an her princely Children.

The people in it are Jews of the New Testament that have exchanged nothing but the Law for the Gospel; and this they rather profess than practice. Together a Man of War riding at *Anchor* in the Downs of *Germany*.

For foreign Princes to help them is wise self-policy. When they have made them able to defend themselves against *Spain*, they are at the Pale, if they enable them to offend others they go beyond it. For questionless, were this thorn out of the *Spaniards* side, he might be feared too soon to grasp his long intended

ded Monarchy. And were the *Spaniard* but poſſeſſed Lord of the Low-Countrys, or had the States but the wealth & power of *Spain*, the reſt of *Europe* might be like people at Sea in a Ship on fire: that could only chuſe whether they would drown or burn. Now, their war is the peace of their Neighbours. So *Rome* when buſied in her civil broils, the *Parthians* lived at reſt; but thoſe concluded once, by *Cæſar* next are they deſigned for Conqueſt.

If any man wonder at theſe contraries, let him look in his own body for as many ſeveral humors. In his own brain or as many different Fancies. In his own heart for as various paſſions; and from all theſe he may learn. That there is not in all the world ſuch another Beaſt as *Man*.

FINIS.

A Perfect

DESCRIPTION

Of the

PEOPLE

And

COUNTREY

Of

SCOTLAND.

A perfect Description of SCOTLAND.

FIrst, for the Countrey, I must confess it is good for those that possess it, and too bad for others, to be at the charge to conquer it. The Air might be wholsom, but for the stinking people that inhabit it, the ground might be fruitful had they wit to manure it.

Their Beasts be generally small, women only excepted, of which sort there are none greater in the whole world. There is great store of Fowl too, as foul houses, foul sheets, foul linen, foul dishes and pots, foul trenchers, and napkins; with which sort, we have been forced to say, as the children did with their fowl in the wilderness. They have good store of fish too, and good for those than can eat it raw; but if it come once into their hands, it is worse than if it were three days old: For their Butter and Cheese, I will not meddle withall at this time, nor no man else at any time that loves his life.

They have great ſtore of Deer, but they are ſo far from the place where I have been, that I rather believe, than go to diſprove it: I confeſs, all the Deer I met withal, was dear Lodgings, dear Horſe-meat, and dear Tobacco, and English Beer.

As for fruit, for their Grandſire *Adams* ſake they never planted any; and for other Trees, had *Chriſt* been betrayed in this Country, (as doubtleſs he ſhould, had he come as a ſtranger) *Judas* had ſooner found the Grace of Repentance, than a tree to hang himſelf on.

They have many hills, wherein they ſay is much treaſure, but they ſhew none of it; Nature hath only discovered to them ſome Mines of Coal, to ſhew to what end he created them.

I ſaw little graſs, but in their Pottage: the Thiſtle is not given of nought, for it is the faireſt flower in their Garden. The word Hay is Heathen-Greek unto them; neither man nor beaſt knows what it means.

Corn

Corn is reasonable plenty at this time, for since they heard of the Kings coming, it hath been as unlawful for the common people to eat Wheat, as it was in the old time for any, but the Priests, to eat shew-bread. They prayed much for his coming, and long fasted for his welfare; but in the more plain sense, that he might fare the better: all his followers were welcom, but his guard; for those they say are like *Pharaoh's* lean Kine, and threaten death wheresoever they come; they could perswade the Footmen, that oaten cakes would make them long-winded; and the children of the Chappel they have brought to eat of them, for the maintenance of their voices.

They say our Cooks are too sawcy, and for Grooms and Coachmen they wish them to give to their Horses no worse than they eat themselves; they commend the brave minds of the Pensioniers & the Gentlemen of the Bed-Chambers, which choose rather to go to Ta-

verns, than to be always eating of the Kings provision, they likewise do commend the Yeomen of the Buttery and Cellar, for their readiness and silence, in that they will hear 20 knocks, before they will answer one. They perswade the Trumpetters that fasting is good for men of that quality; for emptiness, they say, causes winde, and winde causes a Trumpet to sound well.

The bringing of Heralde, they say, was a needless charge, they all know their pedrigees well enough, and the Harbingers might have been spared, seeing they brought so many Beds with them; and of two evils, since the least should be chosen. They wish the beds might remain with them, and poor Harbingers keep their places, and do their office, as they return. His Hangings they desire might likewise be left as Reliques, to put them in mind of His Majesty: and they promise to dispense with the wooden Images, but for those graven Images in his new beautified Chappel, they threaten to

pull

pull down ſoon after his departure, and to make of them a burnt offering, to appeaſe the indignation they imagined conceived againſt them in the Breſt of the Almighty, for ſuffering ſuch idolatry to enter into their Kingdom; the Organ, I think, will find mercy, becauſe (as they ſay) there is ſome affinity between them and the Bag-pipes.

The Skipper that brought the ſinging men with their Papiſtical Veſtments, complains that he hath been much troubled with a ſtrange ſinging in his head, ever ſince they came aboard his ſhip. For remedy whereof the Parſon of the Parish hath perſwaded him to ſell that prophane Veſſel, and to diſtribute the money among the faithfull Brethren.

For his Majeſties entertainment, I muſt needs ingeniouſly confeſs, he was received into the Parish of *Edinburgh*, (for a City I cannot call it) with great ſhouts of joy, but no ſhews of charge for Pageants; they hold them idolatrous things, and not fit to be uſed in ſo reformed

med a place; from the Castle they gave him some pieces of Ordinance, which surely he gave them since he was King of *England*, and at the entrance of the town, they presented him with a golden Bason, which was carried before him on mens shoulders to his Palace, I think, from whence it came. His Majesty was convey'd by the Younkers of the Town, which were about 100 Halberds, (dearly shall they vue it, in regard of the charge) to the Cross and so to the high Church where the only bell they had stood on tip-toe to behold his sweet face; where I must intreat you to spare him, for an hour I lost him.

In the mean time to report the Speeches of the people concerning his never-exampled entertainment, were to make this discourse too tedious unto you, as the Sermon was to those that were constrained to endure it. After the Preachment he was conducted by the same Halberds unto his Palace, of which I forbear to speak, because it was a place sanctified by his

his divine Majesty, only I wish it had been better walled for my friends sake that waited on him.

Now I will begin briefly to speak of the people according to their degrees and qualities; For the Lords Spiritual, they may well be termed so indeed, for they are neither Fish nor Flesh, but what it shall please their earthly God, the King, to make them. Obedience is better than Sacrifice, and therefore they make a mok at Martyrdom, saying. That Christ was to die for them, and not they for him. They will rather subscribe than surrender, and rather dispense with small things, than trouble themselves with great disputation; they will rather acknowledge the King to be their head, than want wherewith to pamper their bodies.

They have taken great pains and trouble to compass their Bishopricks, and they will not leave them for a trifle; for the Deacon, whose defects will not lift them up to dignities, all their study is to disgrace them that have gotten the least

leaſt degree above them; and becauſe they cannot Biſhop, they proclaim they never heard of any. The Scriptures, ſay they, ſpeak of Deacons and Elders, but not a word of Biſhops. Their Diſcourſes are full of detraction; their Sermons nothing but railing; and their Concluſions nothing but Hereſies and Treaſons. For their Religion they have, I confeſs they have it above reach, and God-willing I will never reach for it.

They chriſten without the Croſs, marry without the Ring, receive the Sacrament without reverence, die without repentance, and bury without divine Service; they keep no Holy-days, nor acknowledge any Saint but St. *Andrew*, who they ſaid got that honor by preſenting Chriſt with an oaten cake after his forty days faſt. They ſay likewiſe, that he that tranſlated the Bible was the ſon of a Maulſter, becauſe it ſpeaks of a miracle done by Barley-Loaves, whereas they ſwear they were oaten cakes, and that no other bread of that quantity could have

nave ſufficed ſo many thouſands.

They uſe no prayer at all, for they ſay it is needleſs, God knows their minds without pratling; and what he doth, he loves to do it freely. Their Sabbath exerciſe, is a preaching in the forenoon, and a perſecuting in the afternoon; they go to Church in the forenoon to hear the Law, and to the crags and mountains in the afternoon to louz themſelves.

They hold their Noſes if you talk of Bear-baiting, and ſtop their Ears if you ſpeak of Play: Fornication they hold but a paſtime, wherein mans ability is approved, and a womans fertility is diſcovered; At Adultery they shake their heads; Theft they rail; at Murther they wink at; and Blaſpheny they laugh at; they think it impoſſible to loſe the way to Heaven if they can but leave *Rome* behind them.

To be oppoſite to the Pope, is to be preſently with God; to conclude, I am perſwaded, that if God and his Angels at the laſt day, should come down in their whiteſt

whiteſt Garments, they would run away and cry. The children of the Chappel are come again to torment us, let us flie from the abomination of theſe boys, and hide our ſelves in the Mountains.

For the Lords Temporal and Spiritual, temporiſing, Gentlemen, if I were apt to ſpeak of any, I could not ſpeak much of them; only I muſt let you know they are not Scottiſhmen, for aſſoon as they fall from the breaſt of the beaſt their mother, their careful father poſts them away for *France*, which as they paſs, the Sea ſucks from them that which they have ſuckt from their rude dams; there they gather new flesh, new blood, new manners and there they learn to put on their cloaths, and then return, into their Countrys, to wear them out; there they learn to ſtand, ſpeak, diſcourſe and congee to court Women, and to complement with Men.

They ſpared for no Coſt to honour the King; nor for no complemental Curteſy to welcom their Countrymen; their followers are their fellows, their wives, their ſlaves,

ſlaves, their horſes, their maſters, and their ſwords their judges; by reaſon whereof, they have but few laborers, and thoſe not very rich: their Parliaments hold but three Dayes, their Statutes 3. Lines, and tgeir Suits are determined in a Manner in three Words, or very few more.

The Wonders of their Kingdom are theſe; The Lord Chancellor, he is believed; the Maſters of the Rolls, well ſpoken of; and the whole Counſel, who are the Judges for all cauſes, are free from ſuſpicion of corruption. The Country, although it be mountainous, affords no Monſters but Women, of which, the greateſt ſort (as Counteſſes and Ladies) are kept like Lions in Iron grates; the Merchant wives are alſo priſoners, but not in ſo ſtrong a hold; they have woode or Cages, like our Boar Franks, through which ſometimes peeping to cath the Air we are almoſt choaked with the ſight of them; the greateſt madneſs amongſt the men, is Jealouſie; in that they fear what no man thath hath but two of his ſences will take from them.

The

The Ladies are of opinion, that *Susanna* could not be chast, because she bathed so often. Pride is a thing bred in their bones, and their flesh naturally abhors cleanlineſs; their breath commonly ſtinks of Pottage, their linen of Piſs, their hands of pigs turds, their body of ſweat, and their Splay-feet never offend in Socks. To be chained in marriage with one of them, were to be tyed to a dead carkaſs, and caſt into a ſtinking ditch; For moſity, and a dainty face, are things they dream not of.

The Oyntments they moſt frequently uſe amongſt them are Brimſtone and Butter for the Scab, and Oyl of Bays, and Staveſacre. I proteſt, I had rather be the meaneſt ſervant of the two of my Pupils Chamber-maids, than to be the Maſter-Minion to the faireſt Counteſs I have yet diſcovered. The ſin of curioſity of oyntments is but newly crept into the Kingdom, and I do not think will long continue.

To draw you down by degrees from the Citizens Wives, to the Countrey Gentlewomen, and convey you to common Dames in Seacoal-lane, that converſe with Rag and Marrow-bones, are things of Mineral race; every whore in *Houndsditch* is an *Helena*; and the Greaſie Dames in compariſon of theſe. And therefore to conclude, the men of old did no more wonder, that the great *Meſſias* ſhould be born in ſo poor a town as *Bethlem* in *Judea*, then I do wonder that ſo brave a Prince as King *James*, ſhould be born in ſo ſtinking a Town as *Edinburgh*, in lowſie *Scotland*.

FINIS.